

FANCY AND FACT.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Curious
Conceits of the
Funny
Men Seen and
Described.

"The trouble with this building subways," said the tired-looking merchant, "is that it takes so long before the contractors get the darn things sub."

"Instead of doing all the work underground, they bore their tunnels up on the surface first, and then dig the holes to put 'em in."

"Now, I've got a scheme that would not only save the contractors time and money, but would also permit business to go on as usual."

"Instead of digging a ditch and then putting a lid on it, why not cover the streets and put the traffic on top? Merchants would have to go to the trouble of moving their front doors and show cases up to the second floor, of course, but that would certainly be better than having trade stopped entirely."

"And think of the great advantage this system would have in case they ever wanted to build another subway."

"According to the present methods, they'd have to tear up the existing subway, as well as the streets, and then lay the other one under it."

"With my scheme they'd merely build another roof over the first one, and then shove the front doors, show cases and general traffic up one more flight. The possibilities are limitless; they could add on as many more roofs as conditions might demand."

"And just think how such a system would beautify this fair city of ours! Why, it wouldn't take more than ten or a dozen of these super-subways to bring New York's ugly skyscrapers down to a real nice tidy, artistic height."

"By this time, the true owners of buildings less than ten stories high would find themselves in pretty much of a hole. But it wouldn't be a bad hole."

"The lower half dozen or so subway lines would still afford them ample means of transportation, and they could use their flagstaffs to hitch their horses to when they were doing business on the level."

"Then, too, think of the increase in property values this scheme would bring about. Take, for example, a man owning a downtown residence of say four stories deep."

"There would be nothing to prevent him from selling his roof as a site for an uptown office structure—stipulating, of course, that the buildings must not sink their foundations lower than his attic."

"Wouldn't all this upset the real estate business? you ask. Yes, I suppose it would at first. They'd have to sell all property by the cubic foot, of course, for unless height and depth were taken into consideration, a man might wake up some fine morning to learn that his roof had been trespassing in the cellar of the man just above him, or vice versa. But all such complications would adjust themselves in due time."

"It will be easy enough to install a system of perpendicular rapid transit that shall give transfers at all tiers to the horizontal lines. The difficult thing will be to devise some system of crossing signals that will insure comparative safety."

"Until this is done we must expect to read of some such accidents as this in our morning papers."

"An upbound perpendicular transit car collided with an eastbound horizontal car at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, Fourth avenue and Subway tier 114 yesterday. The top of the perpendicular car jammed through the flooring of the horizontal. Three women who were riding on the horizontal car had their ankles sprained, but refused medical attendance and went home."

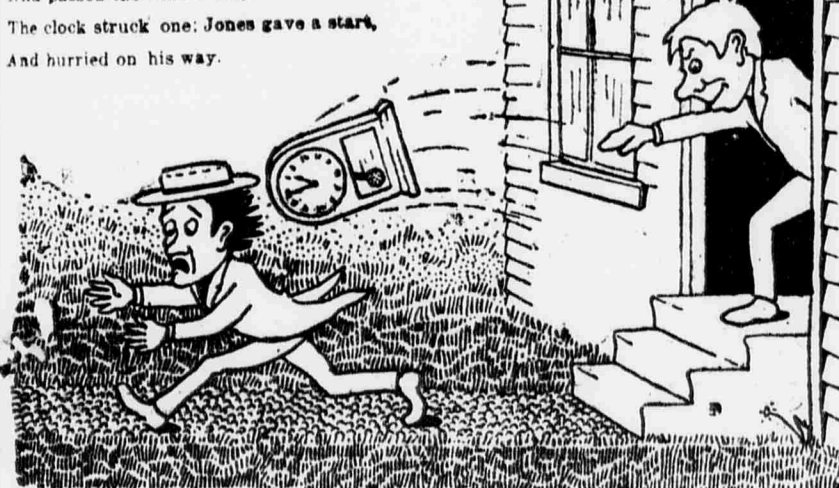
"But, then, as I said of the real estate problem, all that will straighten itself out in due time. It is a great scheme if we can only get it through."

An Extra Inducement.
"I really haven't decided just where I will get my next divorce," said Mrs. Grassweeds. "At first I thought some of trying to establish a residence in Rhode Island, but aren't the courts of Dakota or some one of those Western States giving trading stamps now?"

Mortality Figures of Grandmothers.
If office boys are to be believed the mortality of grandmothers is lowest when the home ball team is on the road. When the nine returns the mortality rises, and is in direct proportion to the size of the bleacher attendance.

COULDN'T KEEP AHEAD OF TIME.

On seeing Jones I called to him
And passed the time o' day.
The clock struck one; Jones gave a start,
And hurried on his way.



SIMEON, THE BEAR AND THE SHEEP.

Case of a Knob Country Man Who Insisted on Running Slam Against Nature.

LACKAWANNA, Pa., Aug. 15.—"Uncle Jase got a minute," said the man from the Knob country, "and then he says to the Squire, sort of as a clincher:

"Squire," says he, "happens that Simeon was an ancestor o' mine," he says, "and not so long back, either," he says, "and it's a little queer, seems to me, he says, 'that I never heard of a bear makin' him out to be a sheep thief,' he says."

"First place, I says to the Squire then, and I'd say it to him, he says, 'Squire, I says you hadn't ought to do it! S'pose you have got ideas about Uncle Jase? I says, 'S'pose one o' them ideas is that no matter what folks thinks as to the beetle statement. Paul made in his haste about mankind in general, they don't hesitate a minute to say that if it don't hit Uncle Jase plumb as a shot in the bullseye, then lightning never hit a barn? I says, 'There's such things as goin' a little too far, Squire,' I says, 'and you hadn't ought to do it! I says."

"But the Squire he jest only grinned. "Uncle Jase is from the Rocky Hill district, and he's a fellow-citizen that most folks has tolerable strong ideas about, particularly the Squire, and Uncle Jase had come in this time and told about Evander havin' snuck up onto a bear that was asleep and got a rope around it before it could wake up and clutch him; and, more than that, had yanked the critter, in spite of itself, all the way into his clearing, where he had it tied to a pole, safe and sound, for five minutes. Then the Squire had said to Uncle Jase, just as if he didn't have no more doubts about that bear than he did that he was settin' there, that Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

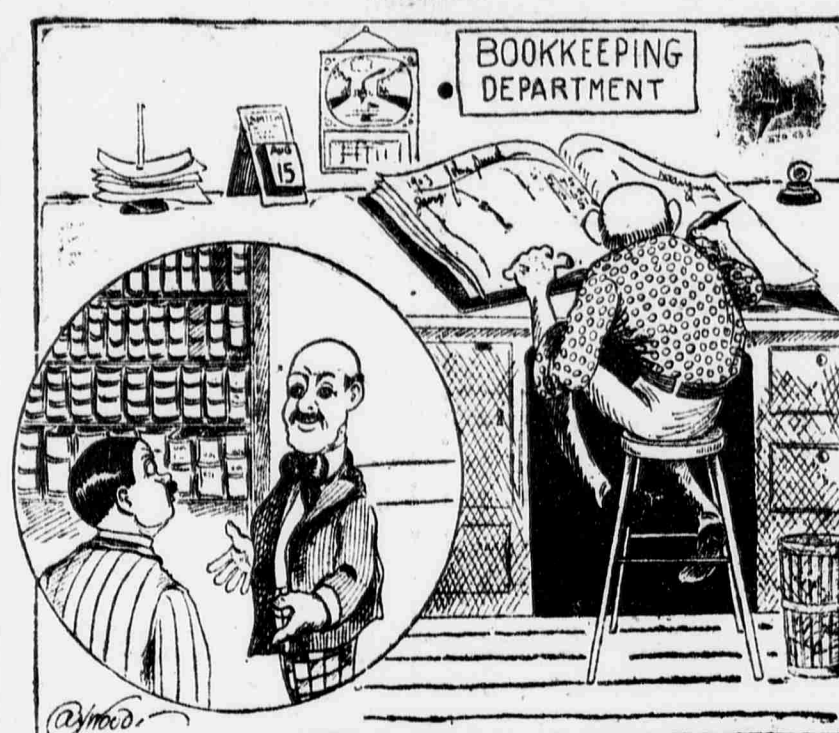
"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."

"If there's one thing that a bear won't never forgive nor forget," says the Squire, "shakin' his head solemn at Uncle Jase, and lookin' for all the world as if this doin's of Evander was worryin' him like all possessed, 'it's bein' ketchered and done fer while it's asleep, 'cause then you're runnin' slam agin' Natur," he says. "Natur" is wonderin' he says, and you can't beat her. And there ain't nothin' she's so wonderful in as she is in bears, and Evander had run his head slam agin' Natur, and he'd better keep his eye peeled."



"Yes, books are my hobby. I even try a hand at writing myself now and then. In fact, I put in my whole vacation finishing up a little book I started on way back last January."

What Made the Wild Waves Wild.

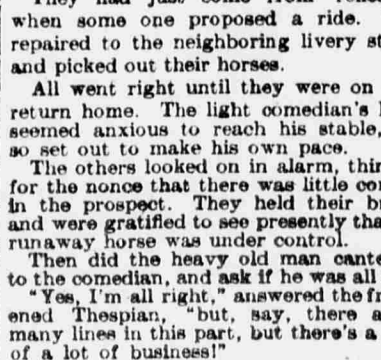


she Judged From the Sound.



Lilly Paddington—Won't you teach me how to swim, Mr. Klam?—Then why don't you ask some one who swims badly?

A Bunch of Business.



They had just come from rehearsal, when some one proposed a ride. They repaired to the neighboring livery stable, and picked out their horses.

All went right until they were on their return home. The light comical horse seemed anxious to reach his stable, and so set out to make his own pace.

The others looked on in alarm, thinking for the nonce that there was little comedy in the prospect. They held their breath and were gratified to see presently that the runaway horse was under control.

Then did the heavy old man center up to the comedian, and ask if he was all right. "Yes, I'm all right," answered the frightened Thespian, "but, say, there aren't many lines in this part, but there's a devil of a lot of business!"

NOT A CANNIBAL.

But for a While the Fat Man's Neighbor at Table Feared the Worst.

A fat man walked into the restaurant, and after knocking down a few hats while hanging up his own, sat as much of himself down as the only vacant seat in the room would hold.

He grabbed a piece of the bread that had come with his right hand neighbor's order and began to munch on it.

Then he looked for the bill of fare. The ministerial looking man on his left was reading it. The fat man leaned over on him and began peering at it too.

"How's them pork chops and apple sauce?" he mumbled between mouthfuls of bread.

The ministerial looking man said nothing and edged his chair a little farther away.

Just then the waiter appeared with a bowl of bean soup for a patron on the other side of the table.

"Hey, waiter," bawled the fat man, "bring me one o' them soups, and hurry up about it, will yer?"

The ministerial looking man heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, sir," he said, turning to the fat man. "I was so afraid you were going to order pork. I detest a cannibal."

ACTON IN WISCONSIN.

Whisker-Singling Substituted for Transformation.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

Bound hand and foot and begging for mercy and the salvation of his Van Dyke beard, Eugene Lipkow, the wholesale toy dealer, it is said, was put through a trying ordeal by Milwaukee and Chicago summer girls at Nagawicka Lake, Wednesday night.

The Milwaukee man had broken in upon the solemn function now fast at the lake resort known as "meeting the late."

Twenty-five women were dressed in weird costumes, some of which looked much like pig tails, and were dancing around a large fire on the bank of the lake. The tobacco man followed the party to the woods and was smoking a cigar in the dark when he was discovered, in the midst of the ceremonies.

There was a wild yell from the society girls from the city and the man was run down and captured. He was taken from his hiding place and twenty-five dainty hands aided in binding him to a tree. Pricking him with sticks and frightening him with flaming brands, he was cowed and compelled to restrain himself from attempting to escape. Then the hirsute appendage came into view and the girls with her big brother's trousers on whose dignity was especially injured announced that there would be a singeing. The man begged and begged for the preservation of his pride, but the brand was brought and about to be applied.

Then things became earnest and the man really said things. He yelled for aid, and Lee Whitney of the Government lifeboat inspectors came to the rescue. He boldly dashed in and, to the astonishment of the managining witches, broke off the ceremony. The tobacco man and his rescuer escaped in a rowboat to the other side of the lake.

PRINCE MICHAEL'S FAIRY TALE.

The Story of the Princes and the Dragon, as Told by an Assassinated Ruler of Servia.

Prince Michael, who reigned over Servia forty-five years ago, was assassinated by agents of the present King Peter's father just as King Alexander was recently murdered by friends of Peter.

In a volume of Servian folklores, collected by Mme. Mijatovich, is a fairy tale contributed by this Prince Michael. He heard it when a boy from the lips of his nurse.

It tells how there was once a King who had three sons and one daughter. The daughter was walking one day near the palace when a great dragon that lived in a magic kiosk in the air came swooping down upon her, mounted on a flying horse, and carried her off.

Then the three brothers mounted their steeds and set out in search of their sister, the King telling them not to return home again until they had found her and rescued her from the dragon.

The three brothers travelled and travelled and travelled until, at last, they came to the magic kiosk hanging in the air between earth and heaven. Then the two older brothers said:

"There is no way to climb up to the kiosk; let us return and say that our sister is dead."

But the younger brother said: "No, let us kill one of the horses and make a long throw of leather from his hide. This we will shoot up to the kiosk by attaching it to an arrow, and so we can climb up."

This they did, and then the question arose as to who should climb up the leather throw to the kiosk and kill the dragon.

The oldest brother said that he would not, and the second brother declared that he was afraid. So the youngest brother climbed and entered the airy dwelling of the fierce dragon. He went running from room to room, until at last he came to a great hall where he saw his sister sitting with the dragon, sleeping with his head upon her knee.

The boy drew his sword and struck the dragon with all his might, but the dragon only roared up a little and, moving a paw toward the place where he had been hit, said:

"I felt something bite me just there."

But the brother hit him with his mace as hard as he could. The dragon only said:

"I felt something bite me just there."

But at the third blow the dagger of the youngest brother found the vulnerable spot in the dragon's scales and the monster rolled over and was being sold at \$3 per volume. Judge Becker immediately said down and went him as follows:

"I received your curt advertisement of your book written on a postal and must say that I was surprised. If you had been as devoted to you as was Joel T. Hart, and I had written as good a book as they say you have and you were as poor as I am, and I as rich as you are supposed to be, and you wrote me for facts about my friend, which I had put into print in my book, I would send you a copy, even if its price should be so enormous a sum as \$3 per volume."

The next mail brought to Judge Becker the following reply:

"WATER GATE, Ky., April 12, 1887.—Dear Judge: I have ordered the Memoirs to be sent you. If you please all your cases as well you will be rich enough yet."

The book was duly received and the General attended the delivery of the oration.

What Did He Mean?



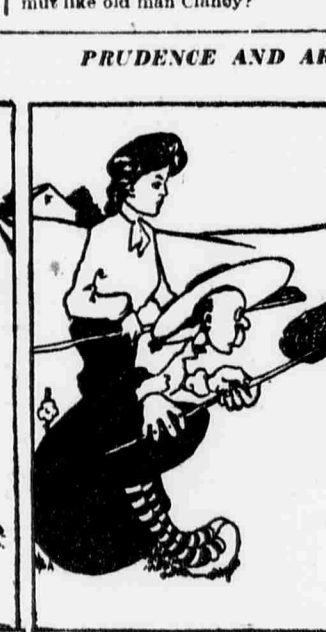
Darkleigh Brown—Br-r-r, but it's cold! I'm just dying to get to some place where it'll be really warm.

Perish the Thought!



Beau McGuire—Sure she'd marry me, only she says I got ter go ask her fader first. Say, now, on de level, do I look like de kind of a guy dat would go askin' favors of a must like old man Clancy?

PRUDENCE AND ARBUTUS HUNT THE ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY.



HISTORICAL ROMANCE HISTORY—SPECIMEN EXTRACT.



"Shortly before the ark landed the animals grew restless and became dissatisfied with their food. They voiced their complaints to Noah through the only two creatures on board who were possessed of the power of interpretation between man and beast."

"Their protests finally became so frequent and so violent that Noah was compelled to take summary action. The two interpreters, who were the only surviving specimens of their race, were executed and, next night at sundown, buried deep in the sides of Mt. Ararat."

"That is the reason that evolution's greatest treasure is sought in vain. That is why the missing links are missing still.—The Wooden Chieftain, page 1367."

A Terrible Catastrophe.



Si Wash—Durned if I don't think that that city boarder really believed me when I told him we sowed bird seed 'r raise egg plant.

Creduulous.



JOE THE JUNGLE BOY.

Being the Adventures of a Boy Who Was Carried Off by Gorillas.

CHAPTER X.

You may think I was satisfied to stay with the gorillas, as they had treated me well, and it was a pleasant life, but from the very first day I was always longing to get away and back to my own people.

The trouble was that they never let me out of their sight for a moment. Many and many a time I started out to take a little walk by myself, hoping for a chance to get away, but one or more of the animals always followed me, and if I walked too far they grew angry.

It was plain that they meant to keep me a prisoner, and if they caught me trying to escape it would be bad for me.

In telling you of the battle we had with the black man I told you of finding a flint and steel after the fight was over.

I knew how to strike a spark and build a fire, but I put the things away in a hollow tree and made no use of them. I had a plan in my head to use them later on, but I must first know where I was and how far it was to my village.

I was always in hope that we should set out some day and journey toward the Zambesi River, and that, finding myself near home, I might get away by day or night, but we never went in that direction.

It seemed as if the gorillas suspected me and were determined not to give me a chance.

When I had been a prisoner for three long months and had become discouraged, I determined to try my plan.

I knew that all wild animals were afraid of fire, but I could not tell just how frightened the gorillas would become on seeing flames. If they did not run far away, then my plan would be a failure.

One day, about noon when there was a pretty stiff breeze blowing, I began piling up a great heap of dead leaves and limbs.

The gorillas were very curious to know what I intended to do, and they watched me very closely.

When I brought out the flint and steel they gathered around me like a lot of school-boys, and when I struck fire they all cried out: "Hu!" and scampered around in sport.

In a minute the leaves began to blaze, and as the smoke and flames leaped up my friends began to chatter and scream and draw away. The wind carried the flames into the thick forest, and pretty soon there was a fire raging that a hundred engines could not have put out.

The gorillas huddled around me for three or four minutes, afraid of the flames, not wishing to leave me, but at last terror overcame them and they ran scampering away.

Instead of following them I ran in another direction, and I had gone as many as ten miles before I felt safe from pursuit. I had a fear of meeting black men or other gorillas, but fortunately I did not.

All that afternoon and for three days more I journeyed through the forest, sleeping in trees at night, and then I came upon a party of white men camped in a grove.

They were traders who went from tribe to tribe selling spearheads, knives, looking glasses, beads and other things. Two of them had been in our village once, and I knew them at sight.

When I had told them my story they said it was a wonderful one, and then they

took me to their camp and showed me the things that I had seen in my village. They were very interested in my story, and they said that they would like to see my village too.